

THE LAUGHING GAME

We played a game, at
summer camp; we tried
to make each other
laugh; the person who
held out longest won.
We collided, wriggled,
stuck out tongues, eye
crossed, screamed until
I remained. I was on
the ground; they crowded
over me. The sky was
full of flapping arms and
widened eyelids, wild
stares. They gave up.
I was the winner, taking
the game so seriously.
We lost our sense of
humor until night, when
we were to be quiet.